LAMENTABLE AFFAIR.

A Long and Continually Growing Enmity Between Ex-Chief Justice Henry and State Auditor Walker Culminates in a Personal Encounter, in Which Judge Henry Gets Shot and Walker Severely Injured by a Blow From a Cane.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., April 27.—A very serious difficulty occurred about nine o'clock yesterday morning between Judge John W. Henry and State Auditor John Walker, which resulted in the serious wounding of both, the former by a pistol shot and the latter by a blow from a cane. The difficulty occurred near the east entrance to the Capitol grounds. From various statements it appears that Judge Henry was going to the Supreme Court building, where he expected to argue a case. Auditor Walker was coming from the Capitol and the two passed each other just outside of the Capitol gate. They had not been on speaking terms for some time, and consequently did not salute each other. Just after passing Auditor Walker faced around and said:

"Judge Henry, what do you mean by continually assaulting my character and injuring me?"

Judge Henry replied: "I have never said anything about you except what was the truth."

After a positive and a negative asser- from each, the auditor said: "You are a —— liar."

A moment later Judge Henry struck him over the head with his cane, and the auditor drew a pistol and fired almost instantly. For a minute or two they stood and looked at each other, neither attempting any further hostility. The auditor seated himself on a door-step near by and appeared to be looking for something on the ground. Judge Henry walked to the Supreme Court building, and in the hallway met Mr. R. B. Vineyard, a St. Joseph lawyer, to whom he said:

"Send for a doctor; John Walker, the —— coward, shot me."

While Mr. Vineyard was making some inquiries as to what physician to summon the judge went to the telephone himself and telephoned for Dr. C. H. Thompson.

In the meantime Mr. Legg, a St. Louis architect, who was passing by, assisted Auditor Walker into C. G. Brooks' house, only a few steps from where the combat occurred.

Dr. R. E. Young had also been summoned from the Supreme Court building, and arrived first. A hasty examination of Judge Henry's wounds showed that, while serious, they were not necessarily dangerous. He had evidently attempted to grab the pistol, as his hand and wrist were badly powder-burned. The ball, which, it seems, was fired from either a thirty-two or thirty-eight caliber pistol, first struck the fleshy part of his left arm, between the wrist and elbow, and thence struck his left breast about an inch above the nipple and ranged across and lodged in the right breast bone, where it still remains, the physicians deeming it unwise to attempt to remove it.

The wound received by the auditor was across the left side of the head, and seems to be serious. The cane used by Judge Henry was an ordinary, silver-headed ebony stick, about medium weight. The auditor complains of his neck and shoulder, and thinks that he was struck more than once, but Judge Henry and a boy who witnessed the fight say that only one blow was struck, which seemed to stun the auditor considerably, but did not knock him down. The auditor is very much excited since recovering his senses, and can remember but very little of what happened. Visitors are not permitted to see him, which would seem to indicate that his wound is of a serious nature.

Joe Beckers, a seventeen-year-old boy, who was painting just over the combatants, gives the following version of the affair:

"Just after Judge Henry and Auditor Walker passsed, the auditor turned around and said: 'Judge Henry, what do you mean by talking about me so,' and Judge Henry said, 'I have never told anything except the truth about you, John Walker.' Then after a few words, the auditor called him a —— liar. Judge Henry raised his cane, and I heard him say to the auditor: 'Shoot, you —— coward; why don't you shoot?' Then he struck the auditor and the auditor shot him, all of which happened almost instantly."

Architect J. H. Legg, of St. Louis, said he heard the report of a pistol as he walked up Main street toward the Capitol building. At the same instant he saw two men on the sidewalk opposite the frame building near the gate. As he drew near them he recognized them as Auditor Walker and Judge Henry. Before he he reached the spot where they were standing Auditor Walker fell to the pavement and Judge Henry turned and walked toward the Capitol. Mr. Legg helped Mr. Walker up and led him to the nearest house, where he sat down on the the steps to rest. Mrs. Dr. Brooks, on hearing the pistol report, came out and invited Mr. Legg to assist Auditor Walker into her residence, near by. He walked to the house with some difficulty, and was almost carried to a lounge, where the wound over his right temple was bathed. He complained of palpitation of the heart and a numbness in his left side. Mr Legg was nearly forty yards away when the difficulty occurred, and he did not see the blow struck or the shot fired.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

Judge Henry and the auditor have not been on good terms for several years, and for several months back did not recognize each other. Judge Henry was a witness before the Walker investigating committee last winter, and it is believed his testimony was of a nature to irritate and injure the auditor. Both men are over sixty years of age, and have been very prominent in Missouri politics for fifteen years or more, and each has a large circle of warm friends. Judge Henry was late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Walker is now serving a second term as State Auditor. The difficulty is seriously regretted by all, and it is hard to tell what the end may be. If the advice of friends is followed, the matter will be dropped.

Judge Henry was taken to his home in Kansas City yesterday afternoon.

Auditor Walker was removed from near the scene of the combat to his home, some five blocks distant. He vomited hard and continually complained of a pain at the base of his brain. His right side is partially benumbed. The physicians, however, believe that he will recover in due time.

A Duel in Prospect.

NEW ORLEANS, April 26.—The *Picayune* and the *States* have been exchanging editorial courtesies. The *Picayune* alleged that Messrs. Hearsey and Dupree, editors and proprietors of the *States*, and J. Pinckney, its manager, were corrupt "pap suckers" and henchmen of a political ring.

The *States* replied yesterday, calling Editor H. C. Parker of the *Picayune* a hired bully and assassin, and a coward. A duel was talked of. Hearsey, Dupree and Parker have all been in duels before. The trouble grows out of the different attitudes of the papers toward the Cotton Oil Trust scandal, which has been constantly growing in acrimory.

Charge of Venue Denied.

CHICAGO, April 26.—In the Criminal Court this morning Judge Tuley denied the motion for a change of venue in the case of McGarigle and McDonald, indicted for conspiracy to defraud Cook County. This decision applies to all the boodlers who are under indictment for conspiracy, and their cases must be tried in this county. In the lot are eleven commissioners and ex-commissioners, two wardens and two constables, whose names are as follows: Wren, Ochs, Wasserman, Van Pelt, McCarthy, Oliver, Geils, Casselman, Klehm, McClaughrey, Hannigan, McGarigle, Varnell, Ed. McDonald and Janitor Gunderson.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Telephone lines are to be establshed between Paris and Brussels.

—A new first-class meteorological observatory has been established at Allahabad, India.

—Herr Krupp is going to start a first-class daily newspaper at Essen for the use of his 20,000 workmen.

—King Theebaw's remarkable collection of Oriental MSS.—a collection handed down to him as an heirloom—has been secured for the Indian Office in London.

—At Bergen, in Norway, is a church constructed of papier mache which will accomodate nearly a thousand persons. It is octagon in shape.

—Observations in the Jura range of mountains near Geneva show that the presence of fog in the atmosphere lessens the proportion of carbonic acid in the air.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—It is said there are over two thousand varieties of the apple cultivated in Europe, its growth extending from thirty-eight to sixty degrees, though the best fruit is grown between the thirty-eighth parallel and the forty-second.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The use of peat as fuel in factories has increased so greatly in Russia that a peat bog has become more valuable than a well timbered forest. Many manufacturers are giving up the use of wood for peat.

—Mexican papers report that near Oajaca the sepulchre has been discovered of a Zapotecan King, in which were found images of obsidian, and an idol of gold weighing fifty pounds.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—The bed on which Napoleon Bonaparte passed away at St. Helena, and a splendid sword owned by Tamerlane, according to a well authenticated record, were among the things left to his nearest heirs by the late Napoleon Berthier, Duke of Wagram.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The fund of £500,000, or $2,500,000, left by George Peabody, for building improved houses for the poor of London, has, through rent and interest, grown to £910,668, or $4,513,340. There are now 5,014 separate dwellings, containing 11,150 rooms, and the average rent of each dwelling is less than $1.25 a week.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—The manufacture of solid carbonic-acid gas is said to have become a settled industry in Berlin. It is put up in small cylinders, and if kept under pressure, will last some time; that is, a cylinder one and a half inches in diameter, and two inches long, takes five hours to melt away into gas.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The steamboat service on the Thames is to be reconstructed by a company with a capital of a million of dollars. To improve the little old black steamers would be a good idea; but long will it be, most likely, before the monotonous voice of the call-boy, "Ease her," "Stop her." "Start her," will cease to be heard up and down that muddy thoroughfare.—*Congregationalist.*

—A report has been drawn up at the German Ministry for War on the marching capabilities of the different European armies. It appears that the length of each step of a Russian soldier, according to regulations, is 71 centimetres; the German, 80; the French, Austrian, Italian, Belgian, Swedish and Swiss, 75, an average of about 23½ inches. The Italian soldier does 120 steps in a minute; the French from 112 to 116; the German, 115; the Austrian, 118, and the Belgian, 110. An Italian regiment marches at the rate of 90 metres in the minute; a German regiment, 89; an English, 88, and a French, 86.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BELGIAN GIRL WORKERS.

Extracts from an Official Report on Their Deplorable Condition.

A young unmarried girl of seventeen said in reply to questions: "My work in the coal pit begins at five o'clock in the morning, and ends, between nine and eleven at night. I load from sixty to seventy cars every day, and I earn two francs a day. I went regularly to school from my eighth year to my twelfth year. I could read once, but I have forgotten it all now. Pit work ought to be prohibited for girls."

A married woman said: "The week before last my husband earned thirteen francs. He had never earned a larger sum in a week. It is impossible for us to live upon such, a wage. When I have bought our food and firing the whole wage is spent; it is not enough to cover rent and clothing."

The mother of a family replied: "I scarcely know the taste of meat."

Another young girl said that her working day in the pits began at 4:30 or five a. m., and closed at eleven p. m., for which she received one franc eighty centimes to two francs. A younger sister left off work at six p. m., but she received only one franc fifty centimes. Nearly all the girls volunteered, in almost the same words, the emphatic statement: "Girls ought not to be allowed to work in the pits;" and they were unanimous in their complaint of the temptations put in their way by the overseers.

The president asked each of them: "What nourishment do you have? Do you often take meat?"

One girl replied: "Three months ago we had some meat on our table; I have never tasted any since." Another said: "I take a bottle of water with the fruit every morning. I can't afford coffee."

The president asked an old workman who had spent his life in the pits why no effort had been made by them to bring their condition before the notice of the public. "I would gladly have given evidence," said he, "but I knew that I should be dismissed if I told my story about the works. My comrades have urged me to speak for them, as I had so long an experience. But I was afraid to do it."

His present wages are two francs a day. When he was younger and stronger he used to earn the sum of two francs and fifty centimes a day.

The president asked if the workers found regular wages or piece-work the more profitable.

"The day wage is miserable," said the old man, "but piece-work is no better, for if the overseers find that a man earns more by piece-work the terms are at once lowered."

The president asked if they would not like their children to go to school after the twelfth year.

"No,". replied the workman, "it is not possible for the parents to wait until a long term of school is ended, as the family need the wages of the elder chiidren. We have not only to keep our children but also our old people. After his fiftieth year a man can earn little in the pits, and is usually dismissed.

This speaker, whom the workers were particularly anxious to have examined, as he is in good repute both as a workman and an orator, told the commissioners that the average weekly wages of the head of a household in full work is from twelve to fourteen francs. "I need not say that a family can not live upon that; the wife must work when she can, the children as soon as they can."

A married woman who had been a worker in a coal pit, said: "I am the mother of six children. We are very poor, but I would rather starve than one of my girls should go to work in the pits. The overseers use all means in their power to ruin the girls." When asked what wages her family earned, she replied that her husband had thirteen francs a week, and one of her sons eighty centimes. To the question as to the food of the family, she said: "Every Sunday and Thursday I buy a pound of meat; on other days we live on bread and potatoes."—*Charleroi Revue Industrielle.*

CURIOUS PULPITS.

Their Materials, Antiquity and Interesting Historical Associations.

Some pulpits are curious on account of their materials, as in the case of some Spanish examples, when the familiar stone or marble and wood are abandoned in favor of iron. There are two of these iron pulpits in the Cathedral of Zamora, lined with wood, and standing on stone bases; and there is another in San Gil Burgos, which has a wooden frame-work, on which the rich open tracery of iron-work is laid. There was once an iron pulpit in Durham Cathedral. And there is to be one in the new American Church in the Rue Montaigne, Paris, which is to have a semicircular front divided into panels filled with scroll-work, and raised on a marble base to the height of the entrance to it, which is pierced through the wall.

Some pulpits are curious on account of their antiquaries, such as the marble and mosaic examples—*ambones*, antiquarians call them—in Rome, in S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura and S. Clemente and at Salerno and Ravenna, from which the Epistle and the Gospel used to be read seven and eight hundred years ago. Others are interesting on account of the preachers who have discoursed from them, such as John Knox's pulpit, John Bunyan's pulpit; or of some association with celebrated preachers, as that of St. Margaret's, Westminster; or on account of their donors, as in the case of St. Mary Abbots' pulpit, presented by George IV.; or of that in the nave of Westminster Abbey, composed of variegated marbles and mosaic and inscribed: "This pulpit is presented to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster by a few friends, in grateful commemoration of the opening of the nave for public worship and preaching in January, 1858."

Others, again, attract our attention on account of their situation being unusual, as in case of that in the Holme Lacey Church, which is placed in the south aisle of the nave, much of the great body of the building being left unconsidered, save by the sunshine and silence, and soft Herefordshire zephyrs, and perhaps the scent of flowers borne by them from the superb yew avenues of flower gardens of the neighboring hall.

Ross Church, the church where the Man of Ross worshiped, in which we may see the monument put up to his memory on the north wall of the chancel, within the rails, and the pew in which he sat, in the north transept, with two tall trees growing in it that have insinuated themselves from the church-yard without, through the masonry of the outer wall, has an open paneled pulpit. Each of its eight panels has a rosette-like star carved in the center of it, and there is a molded cornice running round the ledge. It is now raised three steps from the chancel floor, but was formerly higher. There are three doors in the masonry close to it, which once gave access to a turret staircase leading to the loft of the rood-screen, now removed. One of these doors formed the entrance from the nave, and another formed the entrance from the chancel to the foot of the winding stair in question, and the third opened high up, on the rood-loft, at the level of the top on the rood-screen spanning the chancel arch. When this screen was removed there was no further use for the turret stair, and it was closed in and lost sight of till restorations disclosed the doors leading to it.—*The Quiver.*

A Dog's Faithfulness.

If you like dogs you will be pleased with the annexed: At Ceriano a poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was buried under the ruins of his cottage, a little way out of town. As he usually set off on his rounds before 4 a. m. every one believed he was safe, but he, too, had celebrated the end of the carnival by taking a litle wine, and had slept late. His large dog, which used to drag the milk cart up the mountain roads, smelt out his master, and began to scratch away the rabbish until he laid his head bare, which was covered with wounds. Then the dog began to lick the wounds; but finding that the bleeding continued, and, comprehending that he could not dig further, he ran off and seized by the coat the first individual he met, who, thinking the dog was mad, got loose and ran away. But a second person, guessing what the animal wanted, followed him, and consequently the poor milkman was released from his dangerous position. The Minister Genela paid him a visit, and found him with his head bound up under a tent, with the faithful dog lying beside him.—*Naples Cor. N. Y. Post.*

—Sugar is put into cement to increase its strength.

A STUDY OF SEED.

The Numerous Advantages of Change and of Judicious Selection.

Although but little has been written on this subject, it is a matter worthy the most careful consideration of all who have any thing to do with seeds. That great benefits are derived in some cases from changing seed, not only from one climate to another, but even to different soils, can not be doubted. Seeds often become soil-sick and climate-sick, like people, need a change and are affected beneficially when that change is made. It is generally considered that all fruits, vegetables and seeds do best when grown in their own native soil. Is this true? Is it a fact applicable to all seeds and plants? Take cotton, for instance. Cotton seed was brought to Texas from Yucatan where it was found to be indigenous. Being planted and cultivated in Texas it produced better staple and more of it than in Yucatan. Seed was imported from Africa, British India and the islands of the Mediterranean into the Southern States with the same result, showing that cotton, although a tropical plant, does better in temperate regions. It is a noted fact that the further North wheat can be grown the shorter its period of maturity. Seed taken from Canada to Kentucky, Ohio or Colorado, ripens earlier than the wheat raised in these States. But the seed the second year loses this quality to a great extent and follows in the same line of the wheats of these States. In Sweden advantage is taken of this in annually bringing seed wheat from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, nearly under the Arctic circle, and sowing it in land so much exposed to cold that ordinary wheat has scarcely time to ripen.

Wheats from the Mediterranean—their own native habitat—when brought to this climate improve so greatly in color, yield and quality that they, when compared, can not be recognized as the same. Of the 135 different varieties of wheat, 21 of oats, 15 of barley and 8 of rye received at the Colorado Agricultural College from foreign countries the last seven years, not one but has made better grain than that received. Changing seed has long been practiced by a few farmers in the different States and often with excellent results—but the change must be frequently repeated. Some seeds run out in a short time and become worthless because the soil and climate do not agree with them and often from want of judicious selection. This is the fact with field crops to a greater degree than garden vegetables. For instance, onion seeds coming from Africa and grown in the Eastern States do well for one or two seasons and then become worthless. Potatoes taken from a cold climate to the Southern States grow well the first year, but fail to make plump tubers and a good crop after that. Oats coming from Canada, Scotland and Ireland make a larger yield in some of the Western States than where they came from for one or two seasons, and after that lapse into the same condition of production and quality as other oats. One reason for this is that when they are grown out of their own range (every plant has its native region) they soon deteriorate and require to be renewed from seed grown in that native region.

Another reason for changing seed from one locality to another is that the accidents and insects that prey upon them prefer some varieties to others, and the accidents and insects are more abundant in those localities where the varieties upon which they prey are most cultivated. While a change of seed is beneficial, selection, very important and closely connected with it, should claim as much if not more attention from the farming community. Much is being done by a few to make our best seeds better. Selecting the best, crossing like species, hybridizing, fertilizing, cultivating, irrigating and transplanting are all resorted to to accomplish the work so necessary and important to making the base of all occupations successful. Selection promotes vitality, insures germination, advances growth, defines the character of plants, increases the yield and furnishes better grain for reproduction. Plants can be improved easily as stock. Every favor bestowed upon the cereals, in particular, shows a corresponding satisfaction in yield and quality. By a judicious system of selection the period of maturity of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and other seeds can be greatly shortened. This is done by taking for seed the ears or heads that mature earliest. By selection larger heads, more perfect grain and a greater amount of it can be grown on a given space with the same fertility and at the same expense. The stover by the same means can be reduced and the grain increased. Seed must be selected every year. The "seed-patch," like the yeast pot, must be kept full and fresh to propagate the best, not only to make it better, but to keep up the standard of those that have reached the limit of improvement, if such there be.—*Prof. E. B. Blount, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Had Watched the Proceedings.

The other day a humble constituent walked into Sioux Falls from his home in Frozen Man City, which place lieth beyond Roaring Ridge, on the north fork of Bitter creek, and over against Howling Holler, in the land of Wayback, and after doing some trading at the stores, buying, among other things, a pair of boots, both of which proved to be for the same foot, he came into this office and left a small newspaper clipping which read as follows:

"What is that, mother?"

"It is the Legislature, my child."

"What does it do, mother?"

"It repeals acts passed by the last Legislature, my child."—*Dakota Bell.*

—Household hints: Ink stains on mahogany furniture will disappear if treated as follows: Procure a carpenter's chisel and gouge out the spots thus soiled. The holes may be filled up with putty. To remove stains from character—inherit a fortune of a million dollars.

PITH AND POINT.

—A puppy plas with every pup he meets, but old doggs hav but fu associates.—*Billings' Almanac.*

—A ring around the moon is said to be a sign of rain. And a ring around a girl's finger is also a sign of reign.

—Wife—"Am I as dear to you, John, as I was before we were married?" Husband (with a sigh)—"Yes, a good deal dearer."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"You have no idea," said the landlord, "how much it costs to run this hotel." "Oh, yes, I have," replied Whitegoods; "I paid my bill this morning."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A Connecticut man dropped dead in a store where he had called to pay a bill. The impecunious will read in this an additional warning to them to avoid their creditors.—*Boston Post.*

—"Undressed kid is the favorite material for slippers," says a fashion journal. It may be added that slippers are not the favorite material with the undressed kid!—*Living Church.*

—"To me there is nae mair disgusting sight," remarks the Ettrick Shepherd "than a cretur thinkin' o' himsel' and the great appearance he is makin' afore his brother worms."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A Rochester woman's pie failed to have any effect on her husband for some unaccountable reason, so she added a little poison. That fetched him, but it just goes to show how tough some husbands are.—*Philadelphia North American.*

—The Problem of Life—

"It is easy to live," the philosophers say,
If we go but the right way about it;
"It is easy to die," say the doctors alway,
And those who've not died can not doubt it.
So, living or dying, this rule is quite just:
Let's live while we may and die when we must.
—*Boston Budget.*

—"Dear old organ," sighed Araminta, sentimentally, "it has been in the family for twenty years. How well I remember the day it was bought—" And here she shut up like a clam, but Richelieu said "Mam?" twice before he guessed what was the matter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"You know Jimmy Saywell?" said a traveler. "Yes." "Well, he's a great poker player." "Yes, he has the reputation of being the best in the city. Lots of nerve. Never known to back down before a poor hand." "Yes, but I saw him scared nearly to death the other day at a small pair." "Indeed. Who held it?" "The nurse. They were twins."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Ah! Mr. Scriblerous, how are you? I bought your last book, and have been reading it. I can't say I like it as much as some of your others. I s'pose you're here at this reception picking up character?" Scriblerous—Ah! is that you Butterine? By the by, that last lot of eggs you sold my boarding-house mistress were more than half bad. I suppose you're here drumming up custom.—*Life.*

—Here's another of these stupid wise men. He says, in a medical journal: "Warm baths should be taken before going to bed." We should hope so. If the custom of taking warm baths after going to bed should come into vogue we don't know where people would sleep. However, it is probable that no one but a very wise man ever took baths every night after going to bed for a long time before learning how much more convenient it was to go to bed first.—*Burdette.*

NEW SEA SERPENT.

An Account of a Mysterious Creature Seen on the African Coast.

Count Joachim Pfeil, the German African explorer, who has just left Germany as Governor-General of the Somali country, gives the following account of a mysterious creature seen on the coast of the Ulanga district: "We often saw an animal in the water which we first believed to be a serpent from its movements, and from the fact that only now and then it appeared on the surface for a few seconds. Once, when we shot at it, we were surprised to see it rise out of the water and fly away. Afterwards we succeeded in obtaining one of the curious creatures. It was about the size of a large tame duck, with black plumage and a metallic luster. On its wings we noticed a few very light yellow feathers. The neck was very long and thin, and ended in a long, pointed beak, at the edge of which were two rows of sharp teeth. At first sight no head was visible, and the neck appeared only to end in a beak. The whole body of the bird is under water while swimming, only the long neck was seen. If it was frightened it disappeared altogether under the water, or flew rapidly away. Another peculiarity which we noticed was that when the bird had left the water it lay down on a bush with outstretched wings to get dry. The flesh of this creature has an unpleasant, oily flavor."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PERSONAL SUPERIORITY.

The Unwisdom of Self-Praise as Suggested By Solomon.

One sign of personal superiority is a lack of any consciousness of personal superiority. He who says that he is more of a man than his immediate fellows is pretty sure to provoke others to differ with him at that point. Indeed, he is not likely to be alone in his opinion, so far. It is much the same in the matter of race, or sex, as in that of other contrasts. The man who insists that he is superior to another man because he belongs to a race which is superior to that man's makes a point against his race superiority, instead of for it, to begin with. The other man would, again, only harm his case by making a counter claim. It is always better to evidence superiority without claiming it than to claim superiority without evidencing it. So, again, if a man boldly claims his superiority to woman because he is a man, he proves that he is not manly, just as surely as a woman proves that she is not womanly if she boldly claims superiority over man on the score of her sex. Solomon gave one proof of his superiority in wisdom when he suggested the unwisdom of self-praise. "Let another man praise thee," he said, "and not thine own month; a stranger, and not thine own lips." Superiority is hopelessly lost as soon as it is found—by its owner—*S.-S. Times.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

PATTERNS.

The donkey and his friends were met
Down in the grassy lane,
And talking, as they always do,
Of the scarcity of grain,
When piggie called her children,
Who were dozing in the drain.

She said: "My dears, observe the boy,
The lovely creature there,
With the very grimy face and hands,
And long and tangled hair;
Watch well his manners and his ways,
And copy them with care.

"I am certain that he gobbles all
He can of pie or cake;
He likes the dirt, and only lives
For just his own dear sake.
And *that's* the model beautiful
Good little pigs should take.

"For you see, good neighbor donkey,
The noble human race
Stands high, and brutes, at least, should keep
With it an even pace,
So I'm training up these young ones
To seek a lofty place."

The donkey answered: "I am sure
Your efforts are the best.
My master never stirs at all
At any one's request,
So as *he* does I mean to do,
And when I please I'll rest."

The butcher's dog then told them all
He really was proud
He could mimic so exactly
The big boy in the crowd,
Who would beat and push his playmates
Then boast full long and loud.

The peacock said he "caught his style
And dignified repose
From a little man who was, in truth,
The prettiest of beaux,
And who kindly walked the street to show
His beautiful new clothes."

Then piped the robin from the hedge:
"The merry lad that sings
And whistles loudly as along
The meadow path he springs,
Could teach me well. I only wish
He had a pair of wings!"

If it were true, indeed, oh, child
That may my fable read,
That the dumb folk of the forest
Could all your actions heed,
Do you think that your example
Is just the one they need?

Would owls and ravens then become
Brim full of joy and song,
And well redeem the character
Which they have borne so long?
And would tigers soon convince us
They were never in the wrong?

Or would your pony and your dog
Begin to sulk and fret,
And their obedience and love
And duty quite forget?
Would they all be worse, or better,
For the pattern that you set?
—*Carrie Cathcart Day, in Golden Days.*

ANOTHER IDEA.

A Noted Trainer of Horses Says They are the Most Stupid of Animals, and Tells How He Teaches Them Tricks.

M. Loyal, who has been ring-master of the leading Paris circus for thirty-two years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, "contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. You must teach him his exercises with the cavesson and the long whip. Having forced them into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from five to seven years old; before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough. The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this, the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse; in his right hand he holds the long whip. Behind the animal an assistant, with a stout short whip, is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and smacking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also; if he is obedient he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short, the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant with his short whip throws himself suddenly in front of the animal and the result is obtained." M. Royal tells us that "the horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taugh by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets." As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it: "I first get a carrot," says M. Loyal. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran. He takes and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but —bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief with the bran in the box. He takes it out, and I reward him with a carrot. I decrease the amount of bran in the handkerchief every day, until in the end I put merely the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief, in the hope of getting the carrot."—*Chicago Newsboys' Appeal.*

Not Saved by Ancestors.

A peasant was once driving some geese to town, where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand and drove them pretty fast.

But the geese did not like to be hurried; and happening to meet a traveler they poured out their complaints against the peasant who was driving them:

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were common geese. Ignorant fellow! He never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago."

"But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is, what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why our ancestors saved Rome—"

"Yes, yes; but what have you done?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace! They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."
—*Treasure Trove.*

MAKE YOUR THREAD FIRM.

The Importance of Doing Nothing by Halves—Have No Flaw in Your Work—Why a Captain Was Poisoned.

If we could only learn early in life that every thing we do is of importance! that there are really no trifles! If we would only learn that every thing we do results in something that is either good or ill! that to slight our work is to bring disaster or loss or disgrace! In a book, recently published, is the following story told by the mother of two young girls, the story of whose struggles will help many girls and boys into a truer life. The mother tells the story in the twilight, after each girl has given an account of her day's experience:

My father's last voyage was an unusually long one, but at last we could watch for his return. Only my mother and I, this time, for Richard was with him; so we had double reason to look for the ship. I can remember how excited I was, for my father was very good to me, and always kept one corner of his big sea-chest for me.

The boys in Salem used to watch on the wharf whenever a ship was expected, and the minute it came in sight would run to the houses of those on board with the news. If it were a sailor's wife, she gave him a quarter; if a mate's, a half; but from the captain's wife a whole dollar was expected. One morning—we were at breakfast—a boy came running in, to tell us that the brig "Cypher" was in sight. He seemed to be in a great hurry, but that we did not think of till afterward.

My mother and I took an old glass of father's and went up to the attic, where we had a good view of the harbor. Mother held the glass a long while, and grew suddenly pale. Then she said, short and quick: "Take the glass. Your eyes are younger than mine. Do you see the flag?" So I looked, and I did see it. "Oh, mother," I cried, "it's at half-mast!" For we were a sailor's wife and daughter, and we knew what it meant. It said—that the captain was dead.

It was so. Bye-and-bye we learn all about it. Partly from the mate; partly, but not till long afterward and by degrees, from Richard. It was on the return voyage. He was poisoned. They were trading for ivory on the African coast. He had gone ashore with Richard, to settle matters with the native chief, who was very friendly, and offered them, as a farewell banquet, some rice and a drink of cocoanut milk. The poison was in one of them. Richard did not like the native style of cooking, and, boy-like, would not eat. They set sail, but were only a few hours off when my father was taken sick and died. Afterward it was discovered that the captain of the last ship that had traded there had cheated them. I believe there were no holes in the colored beads that traders used to bargain for ivory and gold dust, and, to the natives, all white men were alike.

They buried him there at sea. Richard tried to fling himself in, too, and it was only by main force that the sailors prevented him. He was only just through school, but he had begged so hard to go on the voyage that father yielded. For generations the men of our family had been sea-captains; but my brother never set foot on a ship again.

I haven't told you a very cheerful story, Kitty. I'm afraid it hasn't improved matters much, and mine hasn't such an excellent moral as had yours and Marion's.

"I can pick one out," said Marion, thoughtfully. "If some manufacturer had not neglected to punch holes in those beads, your father wouldn't have been murdered, nor your mother have died, nor you have been poor and had to earn your own living. Oh, mother, do you suppose every single glass bead in the world makes a difference?"

"I think that every thread forms a part. And if there is a weak place in the woof, it is fatally apt to strike against the weak spot in the warp. We can not see or know what is being woven. But this we do know—that it concerns us to make our own thread firm and strong, and just as fine as ever it may be."

Recently there was a terrible railroad accident on one of the Massachusetts roads. The cause of the accident is supposed to be due to a flaw in one of the trusses of the bridge; imperfection in the truss when put into the bridge, or a break that has been overlooked by the inspectors of the road. The result is the death of twenty-seven persons outright, and many severely injured. Somebody did not make their thread "firm and strong."—*Christian Union.*

A Questionable Compliment.

The exceedingly stout and portly Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, had an exquisite double-edged compliment paid to her the other day by a Scotch divine—one of those worthy woodenheads of whom Sydney Smith declared that "it took a surgical operation to make them see a joke." The Duchess saw it fast enough and laughed until her good-natured sides shook, when the minister, having thanked her Royal Highness for presiding at a certain bazar, went on to say how he rejoiced to see at her side the lovely and amiable Princess Victoria, and expressed a hope that the latter "would soon follow on the broad lines of her mother." The Duchess and her daughter were convulsed with merriment, the rest of the audience tittered and gasped with suppressed amusement, and the reverend Scotchman looked about him amazed, wondering what they all could be laughing at.—*London Society.*

An Indian City in Pink.

We are astonished and highly pleased with a view of an entire city in pink—the oddest and at the same time one of the most pleasing sights imaginable. In front of us was a perfectly smooth street 110 feet wide and two miles long, running straight away to a gate at the other end, and bordered on each side by many colored palaces and dwellings, with columns and towers, some with and some without balconies, but all of a delicate rose-red color, relieved here and there with figures or strips of white. Never had I seen anything of the kind before, and the effect was certainly beautiful. Well does Jeypore deserve its appellation of "The Beautiful City of India." When the background was formed of the fortified hills about the town this color was a light red, but when only the clear blue sky was in the background it became a delicate pink, giving one the impression of a pink coral city just rising from the sea.—*India Letter.*

—Clean brasses on mahogany furniture by rubbing with chamois-skin dipped in either powdered whiting or rotten stone mixed with sweet oil.